

HOSPITAL SHIP SUNK IN THE BRISTOL CHANNEL

The Daily Mirror

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1918

One Penny.

KING CONFERS BRITISH EMPIRE DISTINCTIONS AT PALACE



Viscount Goschen (on right) and Colonel Cove, Aldershot Command, Knights of the British Empire.



Miss Gull, M.B.E., and Miss Fry, M.B.E., decorated for work in connection with the Ministry of Munitions.



Mrs. G. Giles, C.B.E., and Mrs. Gascoigne, C.B.E. (with muff).—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



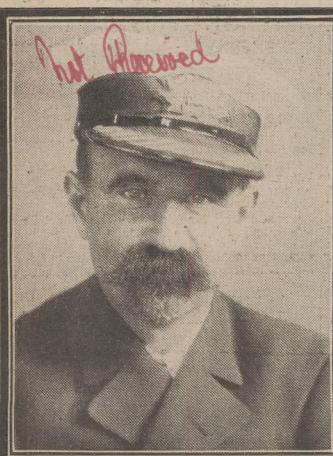
Mr. J. W. Edwards, O.B.E., a naval coast-watcher, and Mrs. J. Griffiths, Lady of Grace, O.B.E.

The King held an Investiture at Buckingham Palace yesterday, and conferred British Empire decorations.

TWO NEW LONDON V.C.s.



Lance-Corporal J. A. Christie, V.C. After a position had been captured the enemy made bombing attacks up communication trenches. Christie, realising the position, took a supply of bombs over the top, proceeding alone about fifty yards in the open, along the communication trench and bombed the enemy.



Captain Burt.—(Exclusive portrait.)



The sunk vessel—the Glenart Castle.

The hospital ship, Glenart Castle—formerly the Galician—has been sunk in the Bristol Channel. The fate of the master, Captain Burt, is unknown. Quartermaster Shiller, who believes he was the last person to have seen him, states that the captain shouted to him: "Get into the boat, or you will be lost!" The quartermaster jumped in. Captain Burt was at that time going into the chartroom. That was the last that was seen of him. There were no patients on board the ship. Eight boats are reported to be still afloat.



Corporal Charles William Train, V.C. On his own initiative he rushed forward and engaged the enemy with rifle grenades, and succeeded in putting some of the machine-gun team out of action with a direct hit. He then shot at and wounded an officer in command, and killed and wounded the remainder of the team.

HOSPITAL SHIP SUNK IN THE BRISTOL CHANNEL

Glenart Castle Victim of Hun Sea Crime—
No Patients on Board.

FOURTEEN BIG SHIPS SUNK LAST WEEK.

German Advance on Petrograd—Guns Busy at Ypres—
Nancy Bombed—Berlin on Violent Air Duels.

Latest Hun Sea Crime.—The hospital ship Glenart Castle has been torpedoed and sunk in the Bristol Channel. There were no patients on board.

Sinkings.—Fourteen big and four small ships were sunk last week.

Russia.—The Red Guards have fired on the Swedes at Aland. The Bolsheviks are busy fighting the Cossacks; in the meantime the Germans are advancing.

BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP SUNK IN BRISTOL CHANNEL.

Torpedoed with All Lights Burning
164 Persons Missing.

NO PATIENTS ON BOARD.

ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL

His Majesty's hospital ship Glenart Castle was sunk in the Bristol Channel at 4 a.m. on the 26th inst.

She was outward bound, and had all her lights burning. There were no patients on board.

Survivors have been landed by an American torpedo-boat-destroyer. Eight boats are still adrift.

Further information will be published as soon as received.

The Exchange says the Glenart Castle left Newport on Monday night carrying on board a crew of about 150, a matron, six nurses and doctors of the Red Cross Society, making a total of 200 souls. At the time of the torpedoing most of those aboard were asleep.

One hundred and sixty-four persons are missing at present.

It is reported that in addition to the men rescued by the United States torpedo-boat destroyer twenty-five men of the crew have been landed at Swansea by a French schooner, which picked them up after they had been at sea for seven hours in a lifeboat.

SANK IN SEVEN MINUTES.

These survivors state that at 4 a.m. on Tuesday a torpedo struck the ship, penetrating the engine room. The vessel sank within seven minutes.

After the torpedo exploded all the lights went out and the wireless apparatus was rendered ineffective. The Glenart Castle sank stern first, and this made the launching of the lifeboats an extremely difficult task even if there had been sufficient time.

SAW STRANGE LIGHTS.

Quartermaster Shiller, who told a Press Association representative he was the last man to leave the ship, said that while at the wheel he noticed strange lights flashing near the water's edge about a mile away.

He at once reported the matter, and the ship's course was altered as a precaution. These strange lights were believed to be those of a submarine, owing to their lowness on the water.

LEFOATS IN RIBBONS.

Soon after the vessel was hit, and many of the lifeboats were damaged and were "hanging on the davits like ribbons."

"We had no time to get anything," continued Quartermaster Shiller. "Most of us came away with only shirts and trousers on, and we had to keep baling out our lifeboat, which was knee-deep with water. The sea was very choppy, and the icy-cold water dashed over us as we made for Lundy. We saw nothing of the submarine, apart from the strange lights."

THE LAST OF THE CAPTAIN.

Captain Burt, the master, was seen just before the ship went down rushing into the chart-room. His fate, together with that of the nurses, is unknown.

The Glenart Castle was one of the best known of the Union-Castle boats before the war. She was built at Belfast in 1900, her net tonnage being 4,388 and her gross tonnage 6,807.

Formerly known as the Galician, she was registered at Southampton in 1900. She was constructed of steel, and was 440 ft. long and 53 ft. broad. Her engines were 511-h.p.

CAMBRAI DISPATCH.

Mr. Macpherson, the Under Secretary for War, announced in the House of Commons yesterday that the Cambrai dispatch had been received and would be published shortly.

14 BIG SHIPS DOWN.

The Admiralty shipping return shows fourteen big ships were sunk last week, as compared with twelve.

Week ended	Over 1,600 tons.	Under 1,600 tons.	Vessels.
Feb. 23	14	4	7
" 16	12	3	1
" 9	13	6	3
" 2	10	5	4

The weekly average in round figures of ships sunk in preceding months was:

Jan. (4 weeks)...	9	3	2
Dec. (4 weeks)...	14	3	1

The arrivals and sailings of merchant ships of all nationalities (over 100 tons net) for the week ending February 23 were 2,274 and 2,388, a total of 4,672.

Nine ships unsuccessfully attacked.

HUNS' GROWING FEAR OF POISON GAS.

Foe Effort to Exploit "Humanitarian" Movement.

BEATEN AT OWN GAME.

A movement has been set on foot by the International Red Cross Society of Geneva with a view of inducing all the belligerent nations to abandon by consent the use of poison gas in war.

It is stated that, in addition to a protest in the name of humanity which is being addressed to the combatants, the influence of the neutral Powers is being enlisted to assist in bringing about this end.

Reports show that the movement is being strongly supported by German pacifists resident in Switzerland.

It is well known that the first use of poison gas was made by the Germans in the spring of 1915.

"MADE IN GERMANY."

It is evident that the commission of this foul crime had there been long premeditated, since the manufacture and preparation of the gas and its appliances and the training of the personnel could only have been the fruit of many months' work.

When the Germans introduced this new and deadly means of warfare they put into the hands of their enemies a weapon which could be used against themselves with terrible effect.

A study of the meteorological records of North-Eastern France for a period of ten years previous to 1915 would have shown them that for every day on which the wind blows from the east or north-east there are days necessary to allow the Germans to use gas—their are at least six days on which it blows from the west or southwest, the quarter favourable to the Allies.

In not more than two months in the whole year are the prevailing winds favourable to the enemy, and their preponderance even in those months is not so great as the preponderance of westerly winds in some of the remaining months.

HUNS' INFERIOR RESPIRATOR.

The Allies were, of course, not slow to avail themselves of this natural advantage, with results that must by now have made the German Higher Command bitterly rue the day that they committed what was not only a crime, but a blunder.

Time and superior industrial resources have assisted the British and French in catching up on the Germans and made the participation of the United States in the war is about to throw the balance overwhelmingly on the Allies' side.

At the present moment the respirator worn by the German troops is markedly inferior in protective power to those with which the British, French and American armies are equipped.

Gases which penetrate the German respirator but not those of the Allies have already been employed by the Allies with marked effect.

It is at this stage that the German Government is exploiting a movement for the abandonment on "humanitarian grounds" of gas warfare.

MORE BOLSHEVIK BLUSTER.

The "Russia Government" yesterday issued, through its wireless Press, a message stating that the peace delegation is on its way to Brest-Litovsk. There was no armistice, however, Germany having refused it.

"We are prepared to sign their peace of usury," says the message, "but the German Imperialists do not desire peace at the present moment, but the immediate strangling of the workmen's and peasants' revolution."

"Resistance to the German hordes thus becomes the principal task of the revolution—a brave, heroic, obstinate, pitiless resistance." The Bolsheviks yesterday issued the following:

"All—Novocherkassk has been taken by the revolutionary troops. Cadet officers are in flight."

70,000 TROOPS FROM MOSCOW.—A Reuter's message dated yesterday states that preparations for fighting on the Pskoff front were being pushed forward with the utmost rapidity, according to a Bolshevik official statement.

Now 100,000 troops have been sent from Moscow that about 70,000 Revolutionary troops have been sent from that city in the direction of Bologoe. The formation of detachments continues."

NOT RECOGNISED.—Mr. Balfour stated in the House of Commons yesterday that the Government had not recognised the Government at Petrograd. It was the intention of the Government that the final fate of the Russian provinces now occupied by Germany, of Rumania and Armenia should notwithstanding any treaties of peace which Russia and Rumania might meanwhile be forced to make, ultimately be decided at the peace conference.

FAIRY TALES TOLD BY THE GERMAN RAIDER WOLF.

Lying Story of Sinking of a Big Japanese Warship.

GERMAN OFFICIAL

"H.M.S. auxiliary cruiser Wolf, during the execution of the tasks allotted to her, has destroyed at least thirty-five enemy mercantile vessels or vessels plying on behalf of the enemy and having an aggregate of at least 210,000 gross registered tons, or has so badly damaged them that their further use is out of the question for a long time to come."

"These consist chiefly of large valuable English steamers, the equivalent replacement of which is not possible for a considerable time. Several of these ships were loaded with English troop transports, and their sinking has therefore caused a corresponding loss of human lives."

"Further, the warlike measures of the auxiliary cruiser resulted in the sinking of the Japanese ship of the line Haruna, 25,000 tons displacement, and either an English or Japanese cruiser, the name of which could not be ascertained, was badly damaged."

"Note.—The Japanese Naval Attaché states that the report, in so far as it concerns the Haruna or any Japanese cruiser, is without foundation."

Secretary of the British Admiralty also states that no British cruiser has been damaged by the Wolf.

The value of the rest of this report may be gauged therefrom."

JAPAN'S EYE ON RUSSIA.

A Reuter Tokio telegram states:

In the House of Representatives, Viscount Motono said in regard to Russia:

"Should peace be actually concluded, it goes without saying that Japan will take steps of the most decided and most adequate character to meet the occasion."

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.—The German papers

confirm the news of the negotiations for making Prince Frederick Christian of Saxony King of Poland. It is also reported that the Saxon Court in favour of the Prince accepting the throne. The acceptance, it is stated, is practically decided upon.—Exchange.

AIR RAIDS ON BELGIUM.

ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL

During the night of February 25-26 bombing raids by naval aircraft were carried out on Ostend aerodrome and Bruges dock.

Many tons of bombs were dropped over objectives with good results.

Two raids were made yesterday, one on Engel dock, where a fire was started, and the second on Abeele aerodrome.

All our machines returned safely.

IF YOU GROW POTATOES YOU WILL HELP TO WIN THE WAR.



The boys reading the announcement of prizes for potato growing.



A class lesson in potato culture is eagerly followed by the boys.



Boys at Chadwell Heath School hard at work on their plots.

As already announced, *The Daily Mirror* offers a prize of £500 to the amateur potato grower for the five best potatoes. The boys of Chadwell Heath School have already started to compete. Lessons in potato culture in the classroom and their practical application in the field are making school tasks a positive pleasure.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)



TO WED—Sister Elizabeth Davis, a survivor from the Asturias, to marry Capt. A. T. Houldsworth, A.S.C., on March 5.



BRAVERY—Capt. J. G. M. Morgan, Welsh Field Ambulance, awarded the M.C. for bravery and distinguished conduct in Palestine.

GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN.



A new and striking photograph of General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.S.O., with Lady Smith-Dorrien and their youngest son.

THE PRINCE INSPECTS NURSES.



The Queen and the Prince of Wales visited the Albert Dock Hospital yesterday, and were shown over the building. The Prince is seen inspecting the nurses.

OUR YUGOSLAV ALLIES.



A priest blessing men of the Yugoslav Corps who are fighting on the side of the Allies.

TANK



Lieutenant Oscar E. and Miss Jessie M. were man

PIGS THAT TO



When the sow which piggies died the little and su

A "BLIGHTY" C



Mrs. Harold Smith Warrington, opening ton for

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40163A

HIS REGIMENTAL COLOURS.

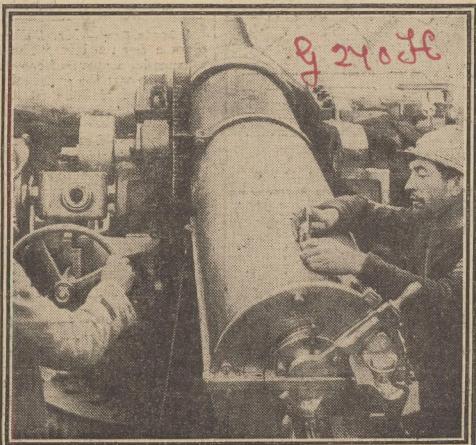


Sergeant T. A. Bloomfield, Suffolk Regiment, an escaped prisoner of war from Germany, was married at Higham, Suffolk. Choir-girls holding aloft the colours of his regiment.

ANK CORPS,
Winchester,

BOTTLE.

READY FOR THE COMING PUSH.



The French Navy have some very well-prepared guns in wonderfully erected emplacements, and are going to test them against the Hindenburg line during the coming battles. Testing the range and elevation of one of these guns.

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the bottle."

RINGTON

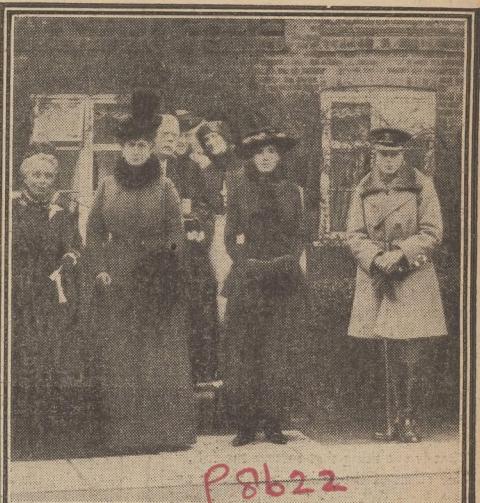
DANCING FOR WELSH FLAG DAY.



Mme. Serafina Astafieva, the well-known dancer, as she appears in "Les Chants des Sept Peches," a dance which she will render at the Welsh matinee to-morrow.

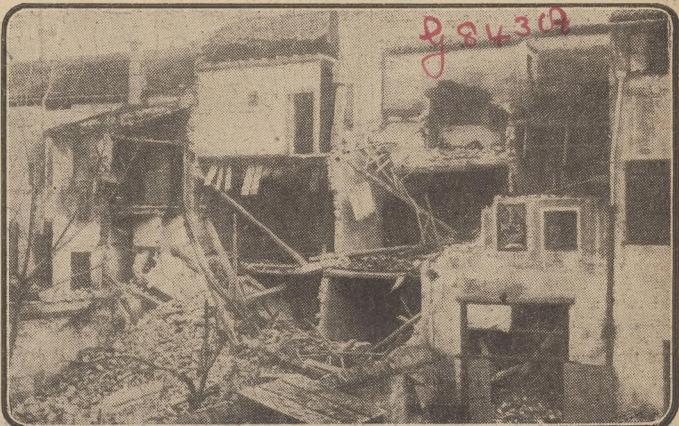
M.P. for
at Warring-

ROYALTY AT HAMPSTEAD



The Queen, the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary leaving a workman's cottage they had just inspected at Golder's Green.

THE AUSTRO-GOTHS DROP BOMBS ON PADUA.



This photograph was taken during the last Austrian air raid on Padua, and shows some of the dwelling-houses of the town in ruins.

WAR FUND COLLECTORS.



Miss D. Godd and Miss G. Skinner, who collected funds on behalf of Lady Leconfield's Prisoners of War Fund, at the Petworth coursing meeting. Over £500 was subscribed.



CROIX DE GUERRE.—
Sgt. J. Ockenden, who
already holds the V.C. and
the M.M., awarded the
French Croix de Guerre.



M.C.—Capt. Douglas Charles Warwick, Machine Gun Corps, who has received the M.C. He has eleven
cousins serving.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1918.

EVASIVE FOOD.

THERE is an impression about that, in response to the deterrent of rations, people have suddenly given up eating meat this week in London.

Coupons are at a discount, we are told. Nobody bothers about them. "Last night," you boast, "we dined off turbot, omelette, eggs. To-night we have eggs, omelette, turbot. No: we are never going back to meat! We like the new system best."

This blissful picture, verging on vegetarianism and a new golden age, needs to be accompanied with caution.

People are surviving the first meat rationed week—if we may venture to point this out—because last week they laid in joints, turkeys, steaks, chickens, rather abnormally, in view of the low ration.

That is one thing that softens the fall.

The effect of the rations will not be apparent for a full week. The coupons will then be used all right.

And it is to be hoped they will be used, because this week's abstention from meat and devotion to eggs and fish has had one other bad effect and may have a third.

It has resulted in the waste of much meat unsold. It has resulted in the loss of much game which people have not bought. That is a pity. Better to eat unpatriotically than to waste on principles of self-denial.

And, next, the effect of sudden refraining from meat may well be to cause a shortage of fish and eggs; people being driven to them with a dangerous speed and a too-sudden ardour.

Then—when this happens—rations for eggs and fish.

Sudden rush on potted goods! Disappearance of potted goods. "Oh do eat meat!" from Controller. No meat—last lot of meat rotted uneaten. Then: "Eat anything, but do eat something, because if you give up things they go bad!" "But if we eat the things they disappear!" Conclusion: do nothing. Become Buddhists. Appoint a Fakir Encourager. Sit still. Don't move.

Result—all the food in the country goes bad.

It sounds depressing. Without doubt, food is difficult to control. It is evasive. It is crockery. It seems collectively to have moods. It exhibits powers of retaliation. We have pity for Controllers...

There remain—potatoes.

We are trying to encourage them by our prizes. If all else collapses under the alternate or conflicting strain of *do* and *don't*, we can eat potatoes. In time, if need be, you can proudly say: "We had potatoes for dinner. We had potato soup, potato roast, potato steak, potato joint, potato tart, potato apples and potatoes."

We may come to it. Let us prepare for it. Food is so very hard to keep under control!

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

Feb. 27.—Although it is best to give potatoes a change of ground each season, it is not absolutely necessary. Good crops can often be obtained from the same plot for many years in succession providing the soil is kept in good condition by deep digging and manuring.

Good drainage is most important for potatoes. Very heavy soils should be mixed with plenty of finely-sifted ashes, sandy material, and ashes from the garden bonfire. Do not be in a hurry to plant unless a very sheltered border is available.

E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of Heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it; but we must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor.—O. W. Holmes.



Lady Clementine Waring, admiral's daughter, at an officers' hospital, and a



Mrs. Keld Peacock, MBE, who spends much time in nursing the wounded.

JAPAN TO MOVE?

The Next Speaker—Mr. Arnold Ward to Retire from Parliament.

IT IS INTERESTING to notice that Viscount Motono, who has just announced that Japan might take "decided steps" about the Russian "peace," was the first Japanese Ambassador to Petrograd. This was at the close of the Russo-Japanese War. I remember

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The Next Speaker.—I do not fancy that Sir George Cave will thank the zealous friends who have been putting him forward to succeed Mr. J. W. Lowther in the Speaker's chair. The member favoured by the bulk of the House is Mr. J. H. Whitley, the chosen of Halifax, who has made a first-class Deputy-Speaker.

Who He Is.—Mr. Whitley, whose firmness and courtesy have been commented on by both sides of the House whenever he has been in the chair, is a partner in a Yorkshire cotton firm and married an Italian lady.

The Terrors.—I believe that the question of a distinction for Territorials who were such before the war will be settled ere long. Opinion is all in favour of the proposal.

The Diplomat.—How many State secrets perished with Sir Eric Barrington! As pri-

The War in Colour.—The news that Viscount French is going to open the War in Colour Exhibition of photographs at the Grafton Galleries on Monday will please everybody. The Field-Marshal is a first-rate soldierly speaker.

Familiar to French.—And he will know his subject as well as anybody alive. I wonder how many of the scenes portrayed in these amazing photographs on the walls of the Grafton Galleries will be familiar to him? Certainly many of them.

A Waac.—I saw Mrs. George Keppel's beautiful daughter at a meeting in connection with the W.A.A.C. the other day, and she seemed so interested that I should not be surprised if she becomes a Waac herself.

Buying Periscopes.—Judge Tobin, K.C., told me the other day that he has already expended £6,000 subscribed by the public for periscopes and telescopes for men at the front.

I Was Right.—On the morning that Sir Edward Carson's resignation from the Cabinet was announced I told you that he would soon be capturing some big briefs. This was denied by other papers. Now it is authoritatively said that he will resume his practice "immediately."

He Plays Lacrosse.—Brigadier Donald Hogarth, who has just been appointed Canadian Quartermaster-General, is member for Port Arthur, Ontario, in the Provincial Legislature. My Canadian friends also admire him as a lacrosse player.

A Scots Scot.—Mr. Dallas Anderson, who plays a Spaniard in "The Lilac Domino," tells me he is proud of one distinction, which is that he was the first real Scot to play the Scotch part of John Shand in the Barrie thing, "What Every Woman Knows."

A Change.—I met Miss Helen Morris yesterday, who told me that she was going to play Miss Iris Hoey's part at the Royalty for one consecutive week. In the meantime, Miss Hoey is playing a week at Brighton.

His Substitute.—Mr. Joe Nightingale will be the principal comedian of "Flora" instead of Mr. Alfred Lester, I am told, when Mr. Harry Grattan's new musical thing is produced. Mr. Lennox Pawle will also be funny in it.

The Production.—Miss Gertie Millar, as I told you a fortnight ago, will be the leading lady, and we shall see her and the rest of the company about the end of next week—if present arrangements hold good.

Forthcoming Wedding.—I learn that Sir Almroth Wright's only daughter will be married on Monday to Captain Romanes, of King Edward's Horse. Respected by all scientists, Sir Almroth brought himself into the notice of the ordinary man by his vehement opposition to woman's suffrage.

The Importance of the Garden.—I am told that numbers of London people whose leases expire on Lady Day are not renewing them because they want gardens. Consequently there will be a great suburban boom, for the garden is more important than the house these days.

Military Compensations.—Wives of married officers on home service are finding it best, despite the expense of railway fares and moving, to follow their husbands round to their different stations. After all, a first-class joint every five days is not to be had by the wife of the unfortunate civilian, however much she is willing to pay for it.

Vegetarian Cooks.—I hear on all sides that the demand for vegetarian cooks cannot be supplied. Meanwhile, I know of some who are compiling, as fast as they can pound the patient typewriter, books to teach the art.

Not Transferable.—The rationing orders will prevent us from receiving the accustomed toothsome gifts from friends in the country. Our acquaintances at York, for instance, will have to eat the hams themselves. A melancholy thought for us Londoners!

Dialogue for To-day.—"Who's there?" "The butcher, please'm. I've brought the joint." "All right. Slip it under the door."

THE RAMBLER.



Third Fit. The idea that newspaper's run the Government grows and grows, until even the British home is invaded by Mr. Guy-Fawkes-Detector. He arrests cook at the mere sight of the paper that supports her pastry and lines her neat cupboards.—[By W. K. Heselden.]

seeing him once in Paris, when he was Minister from Japan.

Studied Law.—The Viscount likes his Paris. He has vivid recollections of the days when he studied law in the City of Light. He was at school in France, too.

Soldier M.P.—Mr. Arnold Ward—son of Mrs. Humphry Ward—tells me that he will retire from political life at the end of the present Parliament. He has represented Watford for seven years and when war broke out went to Egypt with the Herts Yeomanry.

More Salmon.—Sir Geoffrey Cornwall, who is keenly interested in salmon fishing, tells me that from the River Wye large quantities of that fish, to supplement food supplies, are to be netted.

Mr. Lupton.—A friend who was lunching at a big political club yesterday told me that he saw Mr. Arnold Lupton, ex-M.P. for Stevenage, seated at another table. Mr. Lupton's appeal against his sentence is still pending.

vate secretary to the great Lord Salisbury for years, he knew more of the inside of European politics than most of us, and said less about them.

A Eavington Story.—As illustrating his habitual close-mouthedness, there is a wicked story that he was one morning seated at lunch in the Travellers' Club when a friend remarked, "Fine day, Sir Eric." "I have no information," said the diplomat; "but I will have inquiries made."

Optimistic Peers.—I saw Lady Warwick the other day looking wonderfully fit, notwithstanding her adventure at Easton Lodge. She does not fret over her losses, being grateful that she escaped with her life. Her peril was far greater even than was stated.

Smart.—I have just had a letter from the United States, of which the envelope is as interesting as the enclosure. The head of George Washington is obliterated with a date-stamp bearing the words, "Food will win the war; don't waste it."

Today's Toilet Hints.

RARE COLLECTION OF BEAUTY HINTS FROM NEAR AND FAR.—HOME RECIPES.

Getting Rid of Feminine Moustaches.

"Practical Suggestions."

Men who are annoyed by disfiguring hair growths a method of permanently clearing the same will come as a piece of news. For this purpose pure powdered camomile may be used. Almost any chemist will be able to supply an ounce of this drug. A recommended treatment is designed not to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but to actually kill hair roots without irritating the skin. Object: mobile body odours resulting in perspiration and other causes may be instantly banished by simply applying a little (white) pergel to the affected surface.

How to have Thick and Pretty Hair.

"Home Talents."

Soaps and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for hair and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft, wavy, cleanses the scalp completely and stimulates the hair growth. The only drawback is that stallax seems rather expensive. It comes from the chemist only in sealed 1lb. tins, which retail at half-a-crown. However, this is sufficient for twenty-five or so shampoos, it really works out very inexpensively.

Blackheads, Oily Pores, etc.

A unique new method instantly removes and corrects them.

The new sparkling face-bath treatment rids skin of blackheads, oiliness and enlarged pores almost instantly. It is perfectly harmless, pleasant and immediately effective. All you have to do is to drop a stymol tablet, obtained in the chemists, in a glass of hot water, and the resulting effervescence has subsided the affected portions of the face freely with liquid. When you dry the face you will find the blackheads come right off on the towel, large pores contract and efface themselves and the greasiness is all gone, leaving the skin soft, soft and cool. This treatment should be repeated a few times at intervals of several days in order to make sure that the result shall be permanent.

Grey Hair Unnecessary.

A simple, old-fashioned home-made lotion that will restore the colour of youth.

We need not resort to the very questionable expedient of hair dye in order not to have grey hair. The grey hair can easily be changed back to natural colour in a few days' time merely by the application of a simple, old-fashioned and perfectly harmless home-made lotion. Procure your chemist two ounces of tannamol concentrate and mix it with three ounces of bay oil. Apply this to the hair a few times with a sponge. You will soon have the pleasure of seeing your grey hair gradually darkened to the desired shade. The lotion is pleasant, sticky or greasy, and does not injure the skin in any way.

So Have Smooth, White Skin, Free From Blemish.

"Boudoir Gossip."

Does your skin chap or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you it is easy to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, soft and smooth. Just get some ordinary mercuro-wax at the chemists and use a little before going as you would use cold cream. The wax, though some painful action, flecks off the discoloured or blemished skin. The cuticle comes off just like dandruff on seased scalp only in almost invisible particles.

Mercuro-wax simply hastens Nature's which is the natural and proper way to a perfect complexion so much sought, but very seldom done. The process is simple and quite harmless.

ARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES OBESITY.—(Advt.)

THE SECRET WIFE BY JOHN CARDINAL

WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

NORA WYNNE, under pressure from her family, consents to receive the attentions of her father, GEORGE SHEFFIELD, who, though he has proposed and been rejected, declares that he has not lost hope. Nora does not tell him that she has already married.

TONY HERRICK, a clerk in Sheffield's office, goes with Sheffield on the night of her secret wedding day. Nora arranges with Tony to celebrate the event by another evening at the Moira Cafe, and urges Tony to go on ahead, saying she will soon join him.

NORA EXPLAINS.

TONY wasn't at all overjoyed at the thought of leaving Nora, even for thirty short minutes. He would much rather have stayed and escorted her to the Moira Cafe, but for the sake of a dazzling vision of her and him self alone in the dark recesses of a taxicab flitted through his mind. Nora had never seemed to him more adorable and bewitching and he longed with all his soul to remain with her for ever.

"Why not come now—this very minute—just as you are?" he demanded with a happy smile, holding out his arms. "You're a sure winner in any rig."

"It's not reasonable," cried Nora, preparing to scold him. She brushed her hands down her sombre workday gown in affected disdain. "How can I possibly go in this dress—do you think I'm going to our wedding celebration in anything but the best frock I've got? If you do you're sadly mistaken. Do as I tell you, and I'll be there half an hour after you at the most—I'll borrow five shillings from dad and take a taxicab from the corner all the way."

"I'll wait and share the taxicabs with you!" pleaded Tony.

Nora affected to read some inner meaning into his protests.

"Oh, if you don't want to take me out to-night," she said, "you needn't bother, thank you."

Tony, however, wasn't to be bluffed. There was real joy in his laugh as he caught her once more in his arms.

"You're a fool, Nora," he cried. "You look like an angel out of a picture, and if you turn your eyes on me like that only once more, I'll stay here and never leave you!" He caught up his hat and gloves. "At the Moira, then, in half an hour . . ."

He stopped at the door.

"Don't be late," he added. "I'll get madame to dish us up a proper supper—she rather likes you, and I may flirt with her till you come if you lose time. We'll have a perfectly glorious evening, and then we'll be able to look back to all our lives."

"That we will, Tony—and we'll let no jealous suspicions mar a single minute of it." Nora's laugh was one of pure joy. "Don't make a noise—I'll let you out and they won't know you've gone."

They reached the door on tiptoe—time was so precious to them that they couldn't afford a single second for any possible interruption. Nora had pulled open the door and Tony slipped through into the road.

"Our night, Tony," whispered Nora, softly. Then the memory of her previous evening with George Sheffield returned, and, all unconsciously, as the tears welled into her eyes, her hand stole forth to Tony's. "You'll be very nice to me to-night, Tony. I want this to make up for theretched evening we both spent on our wedding day."

The rest of their proposed adventure was about Tony—the night, the moonlight, the nearness of his beloved half-bewitched him so that he scarcely heard Nora's words. But, vaguely disturbed by something he did not recognise, he half turned.

"What do you mean, Nora?" he asked.

But for answer the girl pushed him out on to the steps and gently commenced to close the door.

"Go on, darling," she whispered. "I'll be there in half an hour."

Tony hurried away as Nora raced upstairs to her own room to dress. There wasn't a single second that she could afford to lose, and she was determined not to waste any time. Never before in her life had she dressed so quickly, never before had she bestowed so much care upon her toilette. And when at last she was ready, she was compelled to stand at the long mirror.

"I'll be in this frock, Tony, I'm sure. I'll forget all disturbing things this evening," she decided quickly, "and make the poor boy so happy—I'll be happy myself that way, and I must snatch my bliss when I can."

A knock on the door interrupted her reverie. She awoke to reality with a start.

"Who's there?" she cried.

"Only me—Gladys," came the voice of her sister. "Come in, Tony."

"I'm just going out—I'm dressed," Nora said more firmly and said more than she had in mind.

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"He's gone—and I'm going. I've got an invitation that I can't intend to refuse," retorted Nora. "You've already spoilt one evening—the evening of my wedding day—for me, Gladys. I'm not going to let you spoil this one."

Gladys' affected laugh was nearly sincere.

"Tony slipped out without saying even 'Good-night' to anyone, eh?" she sneered.

"Perhaps he was bashful. Well, never say of the family desire to spoil your fondness for him. I'll let you both alone long enough for anything. I should imagine."

Nora took no notice of the sneer. A light was dancing in her eyes. Another row waiting for her downstairs, she supposed, let her know what they would she would have a little of her own way this time.

"Thank you for nothing, Gladys," she said quietly. "And now, if you'll please stand aside, I'm ready to go out."

"Father asked me to say that he would like to speak to you at once," replied Gladys. "That is, if your invitation isn't too important for you to spare the time."

DEFIANCE!

NORA walked downstairs and into the drawing-room with the air of a queen who descends to inspect her subjects. Mrs. Wynne gasped at the apparition of Nora dressed for going out and threw a hasty glance at the clock.

"Surely you're not going out at this time, Nora?" she managed to say. "Why, it's past—"

Yes, I'm quite aware of the time, mother," replied the girl, "but I'm going out all the same—I've got an invitation for the evening."

Before the determination in her tone no one ventured to raise a protest for a moment. Mrs. Wynne looked from her husband to her elder daughter Gladys in helpless amazement. This was a new Nora to her, and she couldn't quite understand the change. Mr. Wynne leaned forward and looked at Nora, and the girl gathered her wits together for the contest she intuitively felt was about to ensue.

"Couldn't you possibly postpone this appointment, Nora?" he asked, by way of commencement.

"I couldn't—and I don't want to even if I could," she declared emphatically. "Why should I not go out now?"

In the face of that decisive answer Mr. Wynne decided that he must employ strategy. He did not want Nora to go out for reasons of his own. Indeed, if she were not kept in the house and in a good temper, things might go otherwise than well for him before long.

"It's very late . . ." he commenced tentatively.

"I know it," replied Nora impatiently. "Gladys told me, mother mentioned the fact, and now you're emphasising it. Also, allow me to state that the longer I stand here arguing the later it grows. Any other reasons, please?"

"Yes," answered her father, on his mettle.

"I've just been telephoning from the Richards to George Sheffield—I had to ring him up to settle a certain business matter, but, as he wants to see me particularly, he's coming along here soon. Of course, he'll expect to find you in—it's you he's really coming to see, and—I fancy it would be best if you changed your mind about going out to-night."

Nora shrugged her shoulders impatiently—she had anticipated that her father would say something of this nature. All the old anger against George Sheffield—against her father—against Gladys—coupled with all the old feeling of shame that she should have agreed to act a half-lie to Sheffield returned in redoubled force.

"Maybe so," she returned. "I thought you would use some such argument. But, whatever you say, and whether you like it or not, I'm going out. Do you think that I forfeited all right to control my own actions and appointments when I consented to—help you to the other evening?" I went out with George Sheffield to please you—I'm going out to-night to please myself and Tony. You needn't stare at me or adopt any hectoring tone. I'm going, and none of you can stop me. In fact, if you try to stop me, I'll throw up the whole game, tell George Sheffield everything, and leave home altogether."

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Nora's eyes were fixed on the floor. She was silent, but her heart beat rapidly.

"You're wrong, Nora," she said sarcastically.

"Only me—Gladys," came the voice of her sister. "Come in, Tony."

"I'm just going out—I'm dressed," Nora said more firmly and said more than she had in mind.

Gladys, in spite of Nora's refusal of permission to enter, pushed open the door and walked into the room. Her face portrayed the utmost astonishment of her eyes fell upon the beautiful form of her younger sister.

"I've been looking for you this last half-hour," she commenced. "But wherever are you going? I'm going to a sit-down at 6 o'clock, and just dressing as though for dinner or a party? And where's Tony disappeared to?"

"He's gone—and I'm going. I've got an invitation that I can't intend to refuse," retorted Nora. "You've already spoilt one evening—the evening of my wedding day—for me, Gladys. I'm not going to let you spoil this one."

Gladys' affected laugh was nearly sincere.

"A knock on the door interrupted her reverie.

She awoke to reality with a start.

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Daily Mirror

OUR AMERICAN ALLIES



An infantry regiment parading a street in New York. Thousands turned out to give them a welcome.

NEW ARMY PROMOTIONS



Surgeon-General Sir W. Babtie, K.C.M.G., who is announced to have risen as major-general, will effect from the date of his appointment as surgeon-general.

P1844.



NEW RANK.—Surgeon-General Sir G. H. Mans, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.S., has been promoted to the rank of major-general, with effect from the date of his appointment as surgeon-general.

P1845



PROMOTED.—Surgeon-General Sir Arthur T. Sloggett, K.C.B., is to take over in future as lieutenant-general. He has been hon. secretary to the King since 1911.



IN HOSPITAL.—Corporal Laurence Cottrell, M.M., listen to the nurses reading the War Office report about him.

IRISH CONVENTION—EXCLUSIVE PICTURES.



P1833



Lord Oranmore and Browne with Lord Mayo.

P1834B



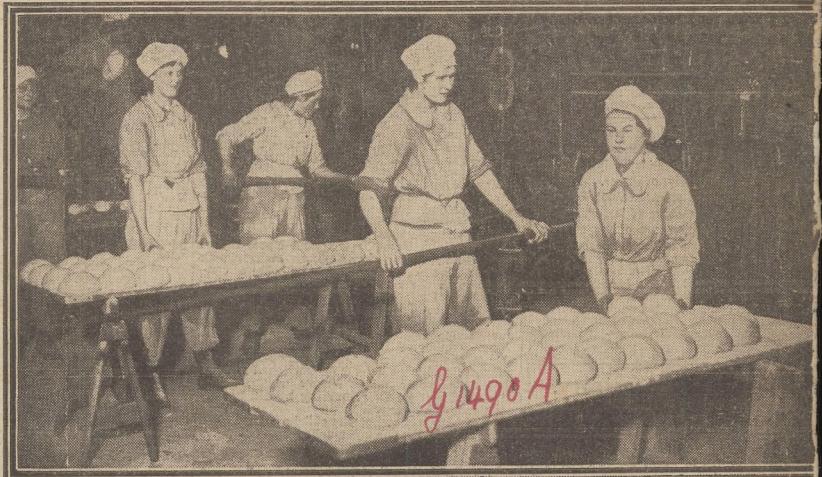
The meetings of the Irish Convention in Dublin are drawing to a close and the report is expected to be submitted shortly. (Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

Sir H. Plunkett.



P2045

THE REAL GOODS—THE WOMEN BAKE BREAD FOR THE ARMY.



Baking bread for the troops in France. The women are seen putting the dough into the ovens.



A baker with two of her loaves.—(Official.)

Members of the W.A.A.C. are now doing useful work baking bread for the troops in France.—(Official.)

TANK DAMAGED IN PALESTINE



The tanks have been doing excellent work in Eastern campaign. The above photograph is of a tank which was hit by Turkish shell fire in Palestine.